

My First Love

Your eyes caught my interest,
Dazzling me with every look,
Igniting the attraction I feel to the fullest.

Your lips complete the mystique
And your adorable face,
To let me know you're truly unique.

Both only make me wonder about you
From across the room,
But definitely entice me to begin a conversation or two.

Creating a sweet nothing
And overcoming the sweaty palms,
Introduction is still slurred with my constant stuttering.

Suggesting a time and place
In hopes of a possible date,
I picture the idea of being in your embrace.

After the first meeting
Laughing and flirting,
We slowly come closer and end up kissing.

Your smooth skin and soft hands give me chills
Like a roller coaster ride,
Each one provides the most powerful thrills.

With baseball and college keeping me stressed
Day in and day out,
The way you treat me keeps my mind at rest.

Your delightful smile, your devilish smirk,
Especially your little giggles,
Remind me everyday that our bond is worth the work.

Masterpiece

Layer by layer,
The washes are added;
The strokes are layered,
Molding features,
Adding textures,
Giving life
To paper and pigment.
A familiar face, shape, and pair of hands
Slowly appear and merge
-To-become-
You--
My sister
Cradling the cat you rescued and
Begged Mama to keep,
Whose eyes say
He'd rather be hunting for birds
And pouncing on grasshoppers
Than restricted by your twelve-year-old embrace.
Your eyes glisten,
And I smile back
My mind already dreaming of you hanging over the mantle
As Mama says,
"You got her just right."
Then, suddenly,
A mistake.
Two brown spots
Turn into a big gray line
As I rush to cover them
With white paint.
Panic grips me.
Blotting and blotting,
I think
They won't come out--
My nightmare.
I tell you I'm sorry
And your eyes smile back.
In time,
My attempts at correction
Thinly disguise the blots as shadow
But tauntingly they stare back at me
From just above your upper lip,
Ever present
Scourges
On my would-have-been
Masterpiece.